

Unsalted Railroad Hands.

Peck's Sun.

There is nothing that the railroad boys like better than to play a joke on a new train hand. If a new hand takes hold of his duties with a willing spirit, and does not seem to expect to be promoted to general superintendent the first week, the boys confine themselves to innocent jokes, like sending him to the caboose after a coupling link or pin, which has been heated in the stove, and laid in the corner of the car. He picks it up and drops it. But if the new hand is unsalted, and shows that it is only a matter of time when he is going to own the road, they lay for him, and before they get through teaching him he feels small, and is willing to admit there are others worthy of passing notice. Not long ago a new hand was put on a way freight that runs west from Milwaukee, and the old hands could see at once that he would be meat for them. He wore an imitation sealskin cap with coon-skin ear laps, and a Prince Albert coat with the middle button buttoned. On the coldest day he would not wear an overcoat because it would cover his Prince Albert; and he had an air of a crushed tragedian. He seemed above his business, and what little education he had was constantly obtruded upon the boys in the caboose. After two or three trips the boys decided upon a plan of action. They carried their meals in tin pails, and would get in the caboose when the train was side-tracked to eat, and they began to grumble because they could not run the trains so as to strike an eating house at the hour for meals. They argued the question, and the conductor said that he believed that if a good, smart railroad employee should be appointed to present the case before the general manager, that he would order the freight trains to run so they could get a warm meal, by connecting with eating houses. But the conductor said there was no freight train man who had the intelligence or prepossessing appearance necessary for the task. He said what was wanted was a man who had gall, and a face to back his remarks. If such a man, one whose education and flow of language, and decent appearance, would command his respect, would go to him as the representative of the hard working freight train men, it would have good effect, and such a man would be sure to make his mark. He said the man liked to have the boys show spirit, and yet there were few who dared go up to him and make a demand, and insist upon its being granted. This was meat for the fresh brakeman. He said if the boys said so he would go to the manager and take his scalp. He said when he was in school he was a terror in a debating society, and if he could not argue with a man he whipped him, and that ended it. So the boys drew up a paper demanding that all trains be run on schedule time to connect with eating houses at meal time, and the next day he was to go to headquarters with his petition and make his demand. The boys posted some of the fellows here in town, and they fell in. They secured a suite of rooms of one of the superintendents in the city, and put a sign on the door with the name of the general manager of the road, and marked it "private." Then they got a six-foot brakeman from another division to personate the general manager, and the conductor of the freight piloted the first brakeman into the front room, where a dozen who were in the secret, were sitting around, apparently busy as clerks, etc. The conductor said he would only go to the front door as he would not meet the general manager for a thousand dollars. The first brakeman said he was not afraid of any man on earth, and he would go in. He spoke to the man in the front room who was in charge, and asked if the general manager was in. The man said he was and asked the business of the visitor. The unsalted brakeman said, as he pulled out his petition, that he had been appointed by a committee to wait on the general manager on a matter of importance, and the man in charge told him to step right into the back room. He went in there, his knees trembling a little, and the boys in the outside room could hear, between their snickers, the conversation. The brakeman walked up to the supposed general manager, and that personage who was busy, said:

"What in—do you want."

"Well," said the brakeman, "what we want, is to have freight trains run so as to get our meals at eating houses, and we are going to have them run that way, or by the eternal—"

He never finished. The general manager got up, pulled off his coat, and took the fresh brakeman by the neck and pants and carried him to an

open window that looked out on an alley three stories below and was going to throw him out, but he begged so hard that the manager relented. Then he took the brakeman across his knee and took the fire shovel and spanked him, and then the fellow yelled until he was hoarse. Then he let go of him and gave him one kick, and the door opened and he came out where the other boys were, the scariest man that ever lived. His conductor stopped him and said:

"Well, how did it work?"

"Mighty Caesar," said the brakeman, as he started for the outside door, "Let us get out of here. I will eat out of a skimmer, or a tin pail, or a trough, if I can get out of sight of that man, he is bad."

Then the boys set up a laugh, the brakeman that played general manager came out with his coat on his arm, and they all went down and took some mineral water. The fresh brakeman is still on the road, but he does not talk much with his mouth any more.

Taming of the Shrew.

Boston Herald.

Opposite the *Herald* man, at a table in a Cornhill restaurant, at dinner recently, sat a man from Cambridge, who was a native of New Hampshire. Meeting an old acquaintance, their talk soon turned upon family topics, and the pair began to talk about their neighbors in a most familiar manner. "Yes," remarked the Cambridge gentleman, "Sam was different from the rest of the boys. You remember who he married? Well, when the old man, his father, found he was shinin' round her, he called him in the barn one day and said to him, 'Sam d'ye intend to marry Beekie? Sam never said a word, so the old man said: 'Me boy, ye know all about them; I can't tell you nothin.' Ye know how the sisters have turned out and not one livin' with their husbands.' Sam was as mum as a pantomime, and just as soon as he and Beekie were ready, they got tied.

"They lived on a farm and everything went on smooth for about a year, and it came to hog butchering time. Sam got all ready to have the usual party for the occasion, and just as he was sharpening up the knives, Beekie came out and said: 'Sam, I'm going home.' Sam protested in his quiet way, but it was no use, so he said he would get a man to row her across the pond. It was about a mile over. She said: 'No ye won't, ye'll row me over yerself.' Sam told her he couldn't, and Beekie fired up and said: 'Then I'll drown meself.' Sam said he would go with her if she wanted to do that; so the boat was got ready, she got in, and they rowed out until the water was twenty feet deep. Then Sam stopped and said: 'Well, Beekie, this is a good place to drown yerself.' She didn't open her mouth. He waited a while and then said: 'Come Beekie, I am in a hurry to git back.' She never looked up. Sam put down the oars, caught hold of her and pitched her in. She grabbed for the boat, but he would not let her get near it. When she was almost done out, she said: 'Sam let in that boat and ye'll not hear anything more from me out of the way.' "So he pulled her in, and they went back home. She changed her clothes and entertained her guests. They are now nearly 80 and you never saw a happier couple—did you? I do not think they ever spoke of that ducking since the day she was going to drown herself."

More New Uses For Cotton.

It is said it has been demonstrated that fire and water-proof houses can be made of cotton and straw. The cotton used is the refuse of the plantation and factories; and when ground up in about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and subsequently into large slabs or bricks, which become as hard as stone. The article thus made is pronounced the best of architectural material, and will be much used. A Boston rope-maker of long experience, like the father before him, says that the cotton rope can be made fifty per cent. less than hemp, and is preferable for all shipping uses, cables, bolt, rope, halyards, tow, hawser, tackle and falls, hoisting etc. He says that often cotton is superior for caulking, and believes that it can be used for roofing and as a substitute for leather and rubber in hose and belting, and for tubing to inclose telegraph and telephone wires, both overhead and underground. He states that one hundred and fifty tons of hemp rope are made in the United States daily, the material of which is mostly imported. Congress has authorized the Secretary of the Navy to introduce cotton cordage into the navy service of the United States, to such an extent as will fully test its value and efficiency as compared with the kinds now in use.

Chicago capitalists have purchased the tank manufacturing establishment at Houston, at a cost of \$23,500.

The Wrong Bounce.

"Suppose" began a little red-headed man with a wild look in his eyes as he halted a policeman on Porter street the other day—"suppose my mother-in-law drops down upon me in October and remains right along until now, occupying the best room, fretting at the children, putting my wife up to be cranky, and greeting me daily with such epithets as brute, hyena, miser?"

"Yes, suppose she does?"

"Suppose I cease to endure and finally bounce her out? Can she have me arrested?"

"If you assault her she can."

"Would I be fined over \$10?"

"I think not—not for carrying her out of doors in your arms."

"Thanks. Between this and 4 o'clock some one will get bounced. In other words I shall pass the Rubicon."

At 10 o'clock that night the same officer found the man in a drunken sleep in a lumber yard four blocks from his house. As he hauled him out into the light he found one eye closed, his face scratched, his collar torn and his vest so torn off in the back that it would button twice around him.

"Here—wake up—wake up! You are drunk!" shouted the officer.

"Yesh, shome drunk," was the thick reply.

"You are the man who was going to bounce his mother-in-law?"

"Yesh, shame man—shame man."

"Well, where did she go?"

"Where did she go? Oh yes I remember now. Shay?"

"Yes."

"When a man bounces his mother-in-law which of 'em goes?"

"She does, of course."

"Then (hic) then it sheems that (hic) somebody has made thumping big mistake, fr I'm the party left outside of s'house!"—Free Press.

The Mistaken Tramp.

A Tramp, who had not tasted food for twenty-seven days, and who was Anxious to reach Buffalo in time to see his Mother, die, knocked at a Door, and asked the Woman for Heaven's Sake to give him some work where he might Earn an Honest Quarter.

"Walk right around to the Back Door," she promptly replied, and in About four Minutes the Tramp was introduced to a Pile of Hickory Wood and a Buck-saw. Then his Heart gladdened, for he meant to steal the Saw and Ax, but as he made for the Alley Fence a 200-pound Dog played with his Coat-Tails and rolled him over the Ashpile until the woman came out and Chided him for his Impulsiveness and said to the Tramp:

"Now you Climb! and as you Pursue your weary way through Life's Cold Paths, remember that Truth is Mighty and Honesty is a Big thing on Ice."

A New Jersey boy who started west to exterminate Indians, was armed with four dime novels. Dime novels may be more destructive to human life than toy pistols and bowie knives, but the trouble would be to get an Indian to hold still long enough to read him several chapters of the blood-freezing fiction.

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A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880. My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR, 173 Fremont St.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881. Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881. After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

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